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1910

A Song o' the West



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A Song o' The West

Dedicated
to
My Husband

PS 3531

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1910

21

A Song o' the West

O THE land of the west is the land for me,
Where the sweet pine smell from the tall pine tree
Floats on the soft air, salt from the sea.

Where the mountain streamlets, icy cold
Leap down mountains, bursting bold
Thru gorge and canyon centuries old.

Where the forests stretch in endless tracts
And the rythmic ring of the woodman's axe
Blends with the roar of the cataracts.

O, the land o' the west is the land for me
Where life is abundant, and full and free,
And a man may be what he wills to be.

And many a man with a wounded heart
Poisoned and hurt by the world's keen dart
Finds the impulse here for a fresh clean start.

For there's hope in the air and hope on the breeze,
And promise in every bud on the trees,
Promise and hope, and more than these.

Here a man must think and a man must feel
For the wildness woos with a strange appeal,
God's handiwork Divine and Real.



The Indian

SILENT and morose is he
And on his broad, dark face
There rests a grim and listless look
Of a proud and conquered race.



The hands that once were wont to grasp
The tomahawk and knife
And seek with cunning stealth to take
The intruding white man's life,



Now old have grown and lost thier strength;
Alone, he sits and dreams
Of brave and teepee, war and dance,
Of sparkling lakes and streams;



Of mile on mile of forest land,
Among whose depths at will,
The wild game roamed—the bear and deer—
Then his to hunt and kill.

(Continued)



As memories awoke there came
Into his faded eye
A gleam of pride. His skill had won
A name in days gone by,



When out upon the purple plains,
The gallant buffalo
Fell beneath the unerring aim
Of his deadly dart and bow.



For who could send a farther dart,
Or one more true than he?
Wise and bravest of his tribe
Was he not known to be?



Ah, sweet those days, but past and gone.
Few of his tribe remain,
And into his sullen, somber eyes
Crept back a calm disdain.



No more the war paint might adorn
His swarthy cheek and brow.
The land the Redman loved so long
Is ruled by white man now.



My Dream Home

MY DREAM HOME lies in a sheltered nook
Where the sea breeze finds its way,
Where the giant fern and evergreen
Hold undisputed sway.

Its sweeping lines are broad and low,
And the casements open wide
To let the warmth and sunshine in,
Where my Love and I abide.

The roses grow by the garden walk
Ah, roses are everywhere,
Clambering high o'er roof and bower
A glory of color fair.

Ah, roses and love and sunshine,
Are the summer's happy dower.
The yellowed leaf and the berry,
For the Autumn's golden hour.

But listen! The Winter's coming!
Shut fast the casement door!
Let the pine logs burn and snap and crack
To drown the breakers' roar!

And it seems, as the glad sweet warmth
Steals thru the shadowed room
It quiets our senses and hearts
Like the breath of a deep perfume.

With our cares shut out in the darkness
There's love and content inside,
And a boundless peace in this dream home
Where my Love and I abide.



Our Yesterdays

A H, the time slips by. Each setting sun
Adds to our yesterdays, one by one

That long, thin, wavering line of day
Stretching back thru the mystic haz

Of the Shadowy Past—so dim and pale
Like pallid ghosts beneath a veil.

With now and then a day in red
To mark perhaps some dread blood shed

Or deed or strife or struggle bold.
And here and there a day in gold

Glowing and shining,—a signal light
To guide our memories to some fight
Where Wrong was overcome by Right.

But what is this? Can this be mine—
This slender portion of the line?

Ah yes, that small ghost, shivering, gray
Marks my wintry first birthday.

(Continued)

But where, oh where are my days of gold ?
My line looks weak, and blue, and cold.

○ ○

Have I refused to love and aid
The stricken at my doorstep laid ?

○ ○

Have I withheld the "widow's mite"
Which should have gained one signal light ?

○ ○

Have I buried the talent the Master gave
And endangered the soul His Son would save ?

○ ○

Ah, woe is me ! What shall I say
When account is made of each Yesterday ?

○ ○

What shall I render the Giver of Good
For His love and care ? O God, if I could

○ ○

But redeem in a measure the wrong I've done,
And send my days with each setting sun,

○ ○

Into the Past, with a golden hue
To glow and shine the long years thru,

○ ○

Lights to Thine everlasting praise—
In the long thin line of Yesterdays.



O Western Land

IT is to Thee, O Western Land
That God hath dealt with generous hand.
The Maker of Heaven and Earth and Air,
Giving thy portion, knew not to spare
The richest of soil, gave he to thee,
So wondrous in its fertility.
The densest of woods, the fairest plains,
The broadest of streams, the softest rains,
The ore-choked mountains stretching high
Their snow-capped summits to the sky.
Ah, who can say what the land may hold
For Builder of Country or Getter of Gold?
Resource and power beyond our dreams
Are here to grapple with Brain and Schemes
Latent for ages—awake at last!
Thy Future assured, thy slumbers past!



When Love Comes In

WHEN Love comes into this life of ours,
With its mellow, softening art,
It thrills and warms with a touch divine
And builds for itself a golden shrine
In the depths of every heart.

Upon this shrine sits Love enthroned,
And rules with gracious sway
Our inmost thots, our words or deeds,
Our every impulse, desires or needs,
Forever and ever and aye.

All willing subjects—every one
We bow before her eyes

Ashamed to think or feel or do
A thing that Love declares untrue
To the best that in us lies.

Love puts a smile upon our lips
And in our hearts a song;
A song of thanks to God above
For giving us this wondrous love
So tender and so strong.

Love bids us kindly deal with him
Whom sin has led astray,
Whose walk thru life has ever known
A path more rugged than our own
With fewer roses by the way.

And when our storm of grief is come,
Its shadow overcast,
So tenderly as with a child,
Love soothes with Love the tempest wild
Until the clouds are passed.



Autumn

O IT'S now's the time of year I like the best,
When things seem sorta settling down to rest,
And breathe a spell before the Fall sets in,
And frost and cold their winter's work begin.

The first dead locust leaves have drifted down,
The maple trees are turning red and brown,
And Nature everywhere in colors bold
Is changing Summer's green for Autumn's gold.

The soft wind thru the corn tops rustles low,
Between the rows the glowing pumpkins glow.
With hints of pies and all the tempting things
That every glad Thanksgiving season brings.

Each season with a charm hath been endowed;
The Winter with its white low-hanging cloud,
That wraps the distant hills and vales below
In a winter cloak of softly gleaming snow.

The Spring when all the bursting buds and roots
In eager clamorous haste put forth their shoots,
And from the cold, hard earth come peeping up,
With here a violet—there a buttercup.

And Summer next with skies of azure blue,
And fragrant roses smiling back at you.
The mellow sunshine, and the deep cool shade—
The time when fervent bridal vows are made.

Ah, each is vibrant with a charm its own
And yet to me the Autumn months alone
Invites a peaceful rest to tired souls
Like calm still waters after storm and shoals.

For like a dream a golden memory
Comes drifting from that Autumn down to me.
Ah, none but golden thots those years unfold
And none but golden hopes my future holds.



The Wilful Wife

POUTING lips and downcast eye,
Hurled feelings! My, O my!
But there, you know she's only hoaxing
What she wants is love and coaxing,
A single tribute to her pride,
A honied flatter, bravely lied.



Pouting lips and downcast eye,
Hurled feelings! My, O my!
She'll acknowledge no command,
She will brook no rough demand.—
But—in whispers I confess
That a single, soft caress
Wins her over, right or wrong—
She had meant to all along.



An Echo

OFT times there swells within my heart
A song which thrills me thru and thru;
And yet alas, I lack the art
To put into words for you.

○ ○
I cannot tell from whence it springs,
'Tis more than merely rythmic sound;
Perchance the song Love only sings
An echo in my heart hath found.

○ ○
I only know it comes to me
With now the carol of a bird;
Again within its melody
The whisperings of a prayer I've heard.

○ ○
And so I can but grateful be—
That out of all the waiting throng
Love has chosen unworthy me
To keep the echo of her song.



The Everyday Life

'TIS not what we do so often,
As the way in which things are done,
That counts in the help we give others,
And friendships are lost or won.



'Tis not what we say so often,
As the tone which we employ—
Which brings to the face of loved ones
A look of pain or of joy.



O, then let me be more careful
Of my manner in speech and deed,
And be just a little bit gentler
In the every-day life I lead.



Hope

THERE are hopes we dare not utter,
There are thots we cannot tell,
And in the heart a-flutter,
Rosy dreams forever dwell.



Tho the daily life expresses
Naught but commonplace and bald;
Tho the cherished soul-recesses
Thickly 'round about are walled.



Still within the heart existing,
Like a flower shadow-grown;
Fragile lives the hope persisting,
We may come into our own.



Night and Day

THE night is for dreams, when the stars come out
One by one in the purple dome,
And the moon's slim crescent threads her way,
Thru the night clouds fleecy foam.



The night is for dreams—dreams of youth and love,
And the building of castles bright;
For the plighting of vows, and a lover's kiss,
For laughter, and music, and light.



The day is for work, when the sun comes up
From his bed in the mystic East,
For the toil of hands and the sweat of brow,
For the labor of man and beast.



The day is for work with the mind and soul,
For hearty good will and cheer,
And strong, sturdy blows at the barriers, Fate
Has placed in our pathway here.



So night and day, tho like world's apart,
Have each their own place in life.
And thru it all, Love, like a magic drop
Ennobles and sweetens the strife.



My Prayer

I ONLY ask thru years to come
That thou wouldst be
Just near to me.
The glamour of wealth may be for some—
But for my lot
Some quiet spot
That we can love and call our home.



I only ask that thou wouldst pour
Into my ears
Thru all the years,
Thy love avowals o'er and o'er;
Ah, just to know
Thru weal or woe,
Thou dost but love me yet the more.



I only ask—I ask and pray—
That I in turn
My blessings earn
By giving freely, day by day
From out my share
Of love, a care
For those unloved ones by the way.





Rain and Sun

WHAT tho the rain drops beat and beat,
Aslant 'gainst my window pane,
And with anxious eyes I search the skies
For a bit of blue in vain.



What tho the plans of today are spoiled,
And the things I meant to do
Must go undone, till another sun
Shines out from a smiling blue.



If the day be bleak without my door
Then all the more reason I
Must smile and be gay and charm away
The blue imps that hover nigh.



What tho the storms of doubt do beat
With a force I cannot shun,
And I know not what may be my lot
With tomorrow's setting sun.



If my soul is sick with heavy dread,
Then all the more reason I,
With a smiling cheer must hide the fear
That deep in my heart doth lie.



For the Power that rules the rain and sun
Is a Power Omnipotent,
And every care that is mine to bear
For my own best good is sent.

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